THE CALEDONIANS:

A

POEM.

Quid moror! an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia flammis
Deſtruat! aut captam ducat Gœtulus Iarbas? ÆN.

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CALEDONIANS:

A POEM.

Eſt et Volſcorum egregia de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens peditum et florentes ære catervas
Bellatrix——— VIRG.

HEARD you dread Mars his brazen clarion ſound!
Heard you the thunders of his waſteful car!
SCOTIA's unconquer'd ſtrength of hills rebound,
And fierce deſcend her glitt'ring ranks of war.

To arms, ye brave, and free! your Country cries,
The voice of fearleſs Freedom and of Fame,
Of parents, kindred, children, all we prize,
Behind your ſhield their ſacred refuge claim.

For faithleſs BOURBON, ſworn with tyrant boaſt
To quench your glory, with unnumber'd band
Of Death and Rapine, from his hoſtile coaſt
Vindictive haſtens to devour the land.

His furious purpoſe with inſidious guile
The Tyrant maſk'd, rouſing th' infernal brood
Of Parricide againſt the Parent Iſle
To lift her arm, diſtain'd with kindred blood:

Sad while they droop, ſpent with ignoble hate,
Like a fell Vulture hov'ring o'er his prey,
In iron fang would graſp th' enfeebled ſtate,
To groan beneath the ſcourge of tyrant ſway.

And ſhall mean Slav'ry lord it o'er the Iſle,
O'er Faith and Freedom, in whoſe cauſe was ſpilt
Her childrens' blood, and the rich heirs deſpoil
Of vaſt eſtate, the trophies of his guilt.

Oft has the blood-ſtain'd Caledonian ſword
Repell'd Invaſion from her ſea-girt ſhore;
In fields of death bright Liberty explor'd;
Her gifts redeem'd from fang of lawleſs pow'r.

Again ſhe trims her never-fading bays,
Again renew'd, in youthful HEROES burn
The public virtues, with unconquer'd blaze;
So ſprings the Phœnix from his parent's urn.

Who graceful tow'rs along the front of war,
In prime of youth and peerage, BRANDON, HE!
Like Thracia's Lord, conſpicuous from afar,
Whoſe loyal WORTH crowns high NOBILITY.

From pleaſing dales of Tweed, enur'd to arms,
See PRINCELY SCOT lead on, with BARONS bold,
His warlike files, freſh kindling at alarms,
Their Country's bulwark, as in days of old.

Where gelid Spey rolls on his headlong ſtream,
And lordly bulwarks their fair proſpect yield,
The MIGHTY GORDON comes with horrent gleam
Of lances ſtain'd in Flowden's dreadful field.

Where circling her fair iſlands to the main,
Flows ſwelling Tay, GREAT ATHOLE leads his band,
A hoſt of brothers; dread on native plain,
When Scandian warriors dy'd the purple ſtrand.

From Morven's hills, hung o'er the foaming tide,
ILLUSTRIOUS CAMPBELL hies, his Country's boaſt,
Around his Chieftains range their warlike pride,
To ward invaſion from their native coaſt.

Where Skaia fam'd repels the northern foam,
From her green hills her Sons, renown'd afar,
The ſcourge of Lochlin, with proud banners come;
MACDONALD of the ISLES directs the war.

Dread, like the eagle, from their rocky build,
Deſcend the NORTHERN PEERS, renown'd of yore,
When ſlaviſh pow'r by valour forc'd to yield,
The Roman tyrant fled the fatal ſhore.

Their titles, number, proweſs to record,
Exceeds the limits of the Muſe's lay;
And better HE *, with claſſic genius ſtor'd,
To diſtant times their glory ſhall diſplay:

Yet may ſhe bring, poor herald of ſuch praiſe,
Meet tribute where the Virtues faireſt ſhine,
In BEAUTEOUS SUTHERLAND, and gild her lays
With ſplendour, borrow'd from her Princely Line.

* See the elegant Reflections on Military Preparations, by Sir John Dalrymple Bart.

Sprung from the far-fam'd Caledonian race,
Thy raptur'd Country marks, renew'd in THEE,
That ſoul of glory, which, in war, in peace,
Encrown'd the fame of ſuch prime ANCESTRY.

Whilſt ALBION ſhakes beneath the thund'ring pow'r
Of War and Diſcord, from Tain's ſhores they come,
Like tempeſt to diſpel the ſtormy ſtow'r,
With truſty ſwords, to fix a nation's doom.

Nor droop, ye brave, that many lawrels crown
One MARTIAL MAID: bright Dames of England! riſe,
By patriot virtues! to that prime renown
Which gives freſh luſtre to all conqu'ring eyes.

Like VOLSCIAN QUEEN, o'er Latium's glitt'ring ſtrand,
Fearleſs ſhe goes where ſpears and banners burn,
Where CHIEFS, officious, wait her high command,
And ruſhing cohorts at her pleaſure turn.

In warlike guiſe, pleas'd by her ſide to wait,
The lordly WEMYSS, Captain of the hoſt,
Scans with a leader's eye their martial ſtate;
By the BRIGHT MAID himſelf diſtinguiſh'd moſt.

In proud array, o'er hill and dale they go
Where danger calls, where on the purpl'd heath
Proud Eiren fell beneath their vengeful bow,
And Sueno mourn'd his glory, ſet in death.

Should Villain Envy, fierce with baſiliſk eye,
And venal Clamour, hell's foul harpies, tear
The wreath of praiſe, your pinion'd fame ſhall fly
On eagle's wing, beyond their guilty ſphere.

On SCOTIA's hills unfading wreaths ſhall grow,
Each grateful plain their flow'ry tribute yield;
Her faireſt nymphs ſhall deck the warrior's brow,
Who o'er his Country lifts his guardian ſhield.

With them ſhall all their Country's wiſhes reſt:
Health to the brave! who, prodigal of life,
Scorning to baſk in eaſe, with dauntleſs breaſt
Ariſe her champions 'mid the mortal ſtrife.

May ALBION's awful GENIUS be their guide
Thro' fields of death; on them her civic crown
Beſtow: beſt recompence, when confcious Pride,
With MOTHER's eye, ſhall mark them for her own.

THE END.